

Larry Sparks

"Tennessee 1949 - Larry Cordle"

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I wonder if it's raining in the mountains. I wonder if the old town looks the same. And if the church is there beside the river, could I go back and find where Momma lays? Does life still go to sleep just after sunset? Are the berries still as big on the vine? Do old men sit and talk about the old days? They way they did in 1949.

Chorus

Oh, oh, oh, how I'd like to be, back in the hills of Tennessee.

Oh, oh, oh, it would be so fine, if I could just go back to 1949

I wonder if by chance they might remember, a teenage boy so wild and fancy free, who always loved guitars and country music. If I went back, would they remember me?

I wonder what became of Kathryn Ackers, the girl that broke my heart at seventeen. I barely can remember what she looks like, when thirty years ago she was my dream.

Chorus

For many years I searched the wide world over, for what I don't recall and couldn't find. Now I'm searching pictures in my memory, for Tennessee 1949.

Chorus and end.

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